

GAG.

FROM HELL

"Not To Be Confused With Chokehold"

Number 3, February 1, 1989

Hey! I'm back! (Alright, cut the collective cries of "Why?", "Go away!", "Who cares?", and/or "Fuck off", will ya!) And back early, too! I didn't think I'd have time to get an "issue" together before our Philly Bash, but I did so awaaaay we go!

Well, life has been pretty well very positive or very negative since last we talked (is that a heavy statement or what?!). On the positive side, we had a record-breaking month for sales at the store in December and I made lots of \$\$\$\$. I also had a fair amount of big-time bimbo fun (however empty and shallow that may be, I know, I know). And I discovered a place called THE FANG in New York that dubs really cool bad movies like "The Killer Shrews", "The Giant Gila Monster", and the all-time classic, "The Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living And Became Mixed-Up Zombies", so I'm amassing just a great B-movie collection!

On the negative side (here goes), this is probably the first day I've felt decent in about three weeks. I was short-staffed at Xmas, so I was really over-worked (for me, anyways), plus of course I went out and ran around a lot. So, therefore, I caught a really bad cold, got a throat infection, a killer case of the flu, and topped it all off with gastro-something or other, which ended up knocking about 12 pounds off of me (and when you only weigh, like, 97 pounds to start with, that leaves one pretty dead and exhausted). So if I'm pretty subdued in Philly, you'll know why. I also lost my latest shot at true love, that Andrea chick I mentioned last issue. I saw and talked to her a lot for a couple of weeks, but when I made my pitch to her on why she should basically consider marrying me (after a couple of weeks engagement, of course), I got shot down (in flames). I figure she probably saw through my well-mannered, charming civilian guise to see the jerk that I really am. Smart - sorry, intelligent girl. So, I had to go back to just being me, which just ain't that safe sometimes. Thankfully us clean Canadians don't have all the social disease that you Americans have. Later.

CREDITS AND STUFF FROM HELL

GAG is born unto the world by Jeff Zinger, 541 Devonshire Ave., Woodstock, Ont., N4S 5P9 CANADA. Phone: (519)539-4515. All correspondence should go to the home address, all packages and T-shirt orders to the store (address elsewhere). Help this issue from the usual bunch plus a few others. Special thanks to Johnny G and The Gyurkman for the artwork and logos.



A LETTER FROM HELL^o

Jeff,

Thanks for including me in GAG's (the "poor taste" or "no taste" bulletin of professional wrestling) mailing list. I'm addressing the 1989 Convention issue. If I lose a few friends, I don't care. I say, "Fuck the Marks!" I spend all of my wrestling time surrounded by these idiots, and think I and others like myself deserve at least 5 days free of these bozo's. Also, I do consider myself an elitist, not because I'm a "smart" fan (anybody from last year's UAWF Convention should know that most of the "smarts" are nothing happening ~~anyway~~ anyway) but because I'm a normal (well, semi-normal) person who loves pro wrestling. I would be pretty uncomfortable getting drunk, watching a Sayama match, and listening to a Meltzer story if I had some asshole saying that Hulk Hogan and Brutus Beefcake are brothers. The readers of GAG are all "normal", super-cool people. I enjoyed the company of a lot at the Con - others I'd rather be screwing Fabulous Moolah. It's bad enough that I have to put up with these infections, but marks, too! Fuck that shit, man. That's why I like "The Grand Poohbah" Steve Sims idea to gather our fellow water-buffalos in Philly in February. It's all "smart scumbags" like myself. A bunch of kick-ass dudes who want to suck the plastic right out of Medusa's tits. That's what the convention of 1989 should be like.

Now on to a few other things. Medusa Miceli was in Philly on 12/3 to have a fan's luncheon for which I drug my hungover body out of bed to drive 20 miles and make it by 12:00 p.m. I got there (sporting my snakeskin boots) and tried everything in my power to boff this babe. Unfortunately, she's not as nieve as I had heard. I got pictures with her on my lap, kissing me etc., and also got a free (masturbator's dream) poster of her in a bathing suit. This woman is much prettier in person than on T.V., and had a body that made my dick harder than Chinese arithmetic! The Philly trip in February will also have one of these lunches in town the same weekend. It will feature either Jim Cornette and The Midnight Express or Missy Hyatt. (GAG- it is now confirmed as Missy. Right on!) This should be fun either way.

Also in Philly, be careful of what "ring rats" you screw. One of them might be an old girlfriend of mine. I don't know that she's turned rat, but she was in Paul Ellering's room for an hour one night claiming to be watching a movie. Whatever the case may be, I miss having sex with her, and if any of us smart's are getting laid by her that weekend, I want it to be me. A side note to Jeff - she has 38 Double D Cup breasts. That's about all my 156 lb. ass has to say. I'll see y'all at the Airport Holiday Inn in Philly and I hope you guys eat some good pussy till then.

Tom Robinson
Clifton Heights, PA.

(GAG- I was going to censor this letter, but I talked at length with Stanley Blackburn (better known as Gregg Scatton) on this and, after reviewing the tapes, we reversed the decision. This was mainly based on the fact that knowing Tom, he didn't write this for cheap shock tactics, it was just Tom being himself, the "poor taste" or "no taste" human being of the world. I just have to hide this issue around town now, so it doesn't corrupt our children.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM HELL[©]

Dear Jeff,

Admit it! GAG is fixed! In the Annual (GAG- last issue), you gave The Best Forehead Award to Dusty Rhodes and Tommy Rich. How could you forget Abdullah The Butcher?! He's the only guy in pro wrestling who can use his forehead for a change purse! I've heard he can carry \$20 in nickels in the grooves in his head. Now that deserves an award! Here's a list of more uses for Abdullah's grooves:

1. Knife Rack.
2. Record Album Arranger.
3. Pant Saver Car Mats.
4. Scrabble Letter Holders.
5. Scrub Board.

How about you other GAG readers sending in even more uses? (Jeff- it would be a cool contest!) (GAG- yeah, right. What's the prize - a dream date with the big guy or maybe an all-expenses paid vacation to the Sudan?)

Before I close, one more thing - about The Best Breasts Award. Why not include that chick who works for you? Hot stuff! Wait - I just remembered something - she's my sister. Still...

Stacey Hoskin
Drumbo, ONT.

(GAG- That last bit was pretty sick, Stace, but cool! For those of you who don't know Stacey (which is most of you out there, so listen up!), he's a guy, and if you make jokes about his name he'll probably kill you 'cause he's about 6'4" and 250 pounds and has a real nasty temper. He also has a funny haircut and usually gets us into fights at the "Zoo" (our local Woodstock bar hang-out). However his sister, Shannon, is my most loyal and invaluable employee, really good-looking, and (and I'll get killed for this one), has really happening breasts! (Sorry, Shan, I had to say it!)

USELESS NOSTALGIA FROM HELL[©]

Jim Cornette of 12800 Urton Lane, Middletown, Ky. 40243 has some excellent posed pictures of wrestling stars from Tennessee and Kentucky. A shot of Ricky Gibson is shown with this column as a sample of his work.

Eddie Gilbert the son of wrestler Tommy Gilbert, has become a very talented writer and photographer. Eddie is making his debut as a feature writer for *Ring Wrestling* with an article on Jerry "The King" Lawler. Eddie will continue to do feature stories for us.

Dropkick #5 was a high flying success in my opinion. Editor Jeff Zinger continues to do a great job as the man with the pen. Eight pages of current news and comments along with a cover was well done issue #5. *Dropkick* always gives its reader the best in coverage for the Toronto area, and in other areas, too. A copy of *Dropkick* is only 50¢ a copy. Subscription rate is \$2.00 for four issues. Jeff's address is: 541 Devonshire Ave., Woodstock, Ontario, Canada N4S 5P9.

(GAG- These are all reprinted from the January, 1979 issue of THE RING WRESTLING. Guess I took a wrong turn somewhere, huh?)

ONE MORE LETTER TO KILL FUCKING SPACE FROM HELL^o

Dear Fuckhead:

I've had enough of all these fucking assholes, excuse me, smart fans being on the case of Dusty Rhodes all of the time. You smart jerks are nothing but frustrated, castrated people that can't get in the business. I can honestly say that Dusty is the most intelligent person to stand beside me since I've been with the business. He has come up with so many brilliant ideas that the man is deserved of the title of "The Legend". Dusty is also a very underated worker, judging by the comments of you Kay Fabe sheet pricks. You people are getting me pissed off just thinking about butcher jobs that you have done on Dusty.

Since none of you know who I am, always be looking behind your backs because I know what most of you look like, and I will kick your ass! Now for you, Jeff Zinger - I remember you from when you did your other bulletin 10 years ago, and you never mentioned my name in it! (GAG- wonder why?) Even these sheet guys today don't compliment me or mention me very often. Even though I don't do the greatest work in the world, I do serve a purpose. So, Zinger, I bet you don't have the fucking balls to print this. If you're wondering how I get your "Guys Are ~~Any~~", don't worry about it because we have our ways of keeping up with you fuckers. By the way, don't try looking at the Post Mark to find out where this came from. I have connections at the Post Office who will cancel the stamp and take out the City part. So fuck you asshole!

The MMidnight Rider Express
Parts, UNKNOWN.

PS: I just heard that you group of assholes will be in Philadelphia on 2/4. Just by luck I will be in the city that night so look out!

(GAG- I can't really even think of a comeback to this one. This guy's got some major league problems. I at first thought with all the language in this that it must be a John McAdam letter but I don't think it is. I guess we'll find out in Philly. Getting off topic, the way this issue's going so far I guess we'll have to have a special "No Profanity" issue of GAG in the future! Then again, it probably can't be done!

THE TOP FIVE GREAT ED WHALEN QUOTES WE HAVE LOVED FROM HELL^o

5. "That's a lot of beef to go air freight!"
4. "Look out Nellie!"
3. "There's a malfunction at the junction!"
2. "Ring-a-ding-dong-dandy!"
1. "In the mean time, and in-between time - that's it, another edition of TSN Wrestling. Bye now."

EMPTY SPACE FROM HELL^o

RANDOM MEANDERINGS FROM HELL°

You know, I may actually put some serious wrestling opinion in this column, believe it or not...how about that Jason Hervey?! I mean, here's a guy that gets front row ringside for all the big NWA shows, has a Hot Love Babe From Hell° stuck beside him, gets on camera every 5 minutes, and gets to talk once in a while. If he wasn't such a wimp, you'd almost have to envy him!...I wonder how much it would cost to get that bimbo included along with the NWA Old Spice Gym Bag?...saw a plug in the Observer the other day that said Greg Oliver (or, "young Greg", as Ed "Dad" Whalen says) wants to make THE WRESTLING REPORT the #1 newsletter in Canada. No such luck with GAG around, I'm afraid...Bad Dream Dep't: A WWF match with commentary by David Crockett and Ed Whalen. Think about it - Dave getting all excited and Ed pulling the mic on him and whining at him to be quiet...I'm sure a lot of you would agree with me that probably the saddest thing in wrestling right now is what's become of Terry Taylor. I just finished watching some old UWF best of stuff and it's hard to believe it's even the same guy...enjoyed the MATWATCH Annual tremendously and how about that picture of Steve Beverly! Is that cool hair or what!?!...did you catch that "Very Brady Christmas" on the tube? You know, if I was raised in a family like that I think I'd have to go out and do some crimes regularly. The new Cindy was HOT, though...My letter of the month has to go to Wade Keller (at least I think it was from Wade, it was an unsigned note stuck to my copy of his Yearbook), for his (and I quote), "Hey, where is the next GRUNT?!" Wow. It's thought-provoking commentary like that that makes this all worthwhile...great to see Missy Hyatt back on TBS (that is, when I get my tapes 6 months later, Double M!)...I really think that the Rick Steiner/Varsity Club stuff that I've been able to see has been the most consistently well-done and funny material for a long time. Actually, I'd be willing to pay a fair amount of money if anyone would want to make me a custom tape of just that stuff in chronological order...to Lunch LeVine, you may have noticed that I have copyrighted my phrase "...from Hell" (how could anyone not have noticed - I think I wore out that joke about 4 pages ago!). You'll be hearing from my lawyers soon. By the way, you and Sims have been hanging around an awful lot together lately, eh?...speaking of "Mr. Comedy" himself, I'm sure that most of you out there have talked to him on the telephone at one time or another (of course you have, either on his handy 1-800 number, or by phoning him at home when you know he's out so that he'll have to phone you back on his free phone time, heh heh heh). Anyway, Steve is probably the most attentive listener I know. It's like me saying, "Steve, I have something serious to tell you - I'm dying.", and Steve thoughtfully replying, "I had a pizza for supper tonight - what did you have?", or something having absolutely nothing to do with the subject. I think he needs a woman...looking at the fans in the front rows at SSTARCADE '88, you'd swear it was at the Trump Plaza or something! What a classy looking crew...good to see Ted DiBiase doing those home improvement commercials - it's a shame that more wrestlers don't invest their money wisely in ventures like that...this just in from Brian Tramel. "I've got to tell you some classified information I've got from my NWA source - there is talk of bringing in Kamala, The Beast, and Abby as "The Fat Boys". They will come to the ring "rapping" and wearing sweat suits."...and, finally, judging from his STARCADDEE '88 performance, Barry Windham gets my vote for the coolest wrestler around. His "fuck you" arrogance is the best!

PHOTO OF THE MONTH FROM HELL®



EDDIE GILBERT AND MISSY HYATT POSE FOR THE GAG CAMERA
(Photo: Mike Salardino)

THAT'S ALL, FOLKS FROM HELL!®

Finally, a lot of you will be reading this in Philadelphia (boy, Philly hasn't got mentioned a few hundred times, has it?!) the first weekend of February. For any new readers, yes, we are kind of warped here at GAG. Those not at our little gathering will probably get this one along with the next, tentatively titled and numbered (in the GAG Collective Product Numbering Sequence - see next page for a sort of explanation to what that means) GAG NEWSLETTER #5. It will be just a couple of pages of dirt from Philly - should be fun, huh guys?! Plus, if I don't send this one out by itself, I can save 44¢ postage per! Also, if I sell out of T-shirts (see next page right this fucking minute 'cause you didn't when I asked you to a few lines back, did you?!), I can let you know not to send your money (or maybe I won't - what a great scam!). Believe it or not, there's only about 16 left as of today. Mind you, the shirts are pretty cool, in an obnoxious way. And it is roughly cost (I had to pay big Canadian bucks to the guy who painted them), so don't be thinking that I put out these freebies just to soak you big-time on the clothing! Buy one now.

Later,

[Signature]

PS: Oh yeah, that "Substandard Second" business just means that there may be a little tiny hole or something on the shirt that you can't see anyways. Honest. I didn't want to spend a lot on the actual shirts themselves so I could keep the cost down.

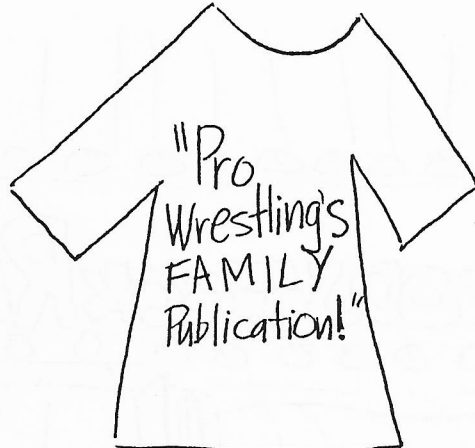
(paid advertisement)

IT ' S THE G.A.G. T-SHIRT FROM HELL°!

"YOU'VE READ THE BULLETIN FOR FREE,
NOW PAY BIG BUCKS FOR THE T-SHIRT!"



FRONT



BACK

(illustration courtesy of our artist for the GAG T-shirt,
the world-renowned John Greczula from Woodstock, Ont.)

Yes, it's what you've been waiting for - the GAG T-shirt!
100% Cotton Substandard Second White Tee! Hand-painted
with real Black Lettering! Psychedelic Colours splotched
all over! You get Red, Green, Blue, and many, many more!
We can't show these colours in black and white, but be-
lieve us, it's wild! Limited to only 30 copies, and each
one individually numbered for greater collecting value!

THIS OFFER WILL NEVER BE REPEATED! ACT NOW!

To order, send only \$10 (U.S. Funds only) per shirt
(includes 1st Class mailing)
to:

GAG T-SHIRT OFFER
**WOODSTOCK
RECORDS**

408 Dundas Street, Woodstock, Ontario N4S 1B9

WASHING INSTRUCTIONS

Hand wash in cold water - hang dry. Also, before washing for the
first time, turn the T-shirt inside out and iron at hot temperature
for 5 minutes. This will help preserve the cool colours from fading!

THE G.A.G. PIN-UP PAGE FROM HELL!

